









### A TURPENTINE-LAKE

## AN UNDERGROUND WONDER IN

Fourteen Barrels of Turpentine Drawn Out  
at One Time, and Eighteen Barrels at  
Another.

SAVANNAH, Ga., May 17.—[Special.]—The report of the discovery of a turpentine well in Laurens county, Ga., produced a moderate sensation among naval stores men. This was partly due to the unwillingness of those who had direct information to talk. The farm belongs to Mr. Peacock, one of the members of the firm of Peacock, Hunt & Co., of this city, the largest naval stores dealers in the world. Mr. Charlie Baldwin, one of the firm, says that his house has received

A small bottle full of which was exhibited to all callers at the office today. The spirits in the bottle is pure, and could not be told from the genuine product of the still. Mr. Baldwin has a letter from the operators at the farm, stating that fourteen barrels of what seemed to be colored turpentine had been drawn from a well sixty feet deep. The well is one that has been used two seasons to furnish water for the still. It was found that the water and the peculiar gas escaped from the deep hole. A few days ago a bucket of turpentine was hauled up. The still hands were set to work drawing the spirits off, and they got fourteen barrels. So far so good.

THE TURPENTINE BEGAN RISING, and when the letter was written eighteen barrels more had just

been taken out. The spirits float on top of the water. The county has not been operated till two years ago. Where the turpentine comes from is a mystery. There is said to be a great deal of excitement in Laurens county over the discovery, and especially around Donaldson. The dealers here do not take any stock in the theory that there is an underground lake of turpentine, which is a vegetable product, nor is it believed that the operator has salted the well. Further develop-

ments are awaited with interest.

**LIFE IN GEORGIA.**

From the Dawsonville, Ga., Advertiser.

Miss Ella Hill has recently married and furnished her sister, Mrs. Mary Bond, with a photo of herself and husband. Which is quite handsome.

From the Bainbridge, Ga., Democrat.

Redbuds, dogwoods, sweet shrubs and honeysuckles are all blooming and the woods are glowing with radiant colors.

From the Buena Vista, Ga. Patriot.  
The wish to put an editor  
In office anywhere  
For habit will compel the man  
To do the writing there.  
From the LaGrange, Ga. Reporter.  
A magnificent pecan tree stands in front of  
Mr. J. T. Hudson's house, near Long Cane. It was  
planted by his father, who bears several  
bushels of fruit every year. It is beautiful and  
symmetrical and makes a pleasant shade. There is  
another on the Baker homestead, near West Point.  
From the Dublin, Ga. Patriot.  
From the Newbern editorial window the picture  
of beauty presented by the rustling leaves of Picnic  
park, the golden outlines and glistening waters of  
the Chatahoochee shining through them, suggest

From the Ft. Gaines, Ga., Advertiser.  
Gerty, the daughter of Rev. E. A. Keese, of Lumpkin, had the misfortune to stick a fork in her eye a few days ago. The accident has not resulted as seriously as was feared at first, and the friends of the family will be rejoiced to hear that though her eye is inflamed, there is no fear of her losing its sight.

From the Leary, Ga., Courier.  
Mr. J. E. Mercer owns a very fine cow who has been yielding a good deal of milk. Recently, however, her lactation failed to begin in the usual unaccountable season, until one morning this week

When the milk maid, on going to the stall to milk, found the cow lying down and a little pig in justifiably pulling away at her teats. This solved the mystery.

From the Jackson, Ga. Herald.

Mr. L. L. Patrick, the merchant and farmer prince of Chaffier's district, and Mr. James O. Jones, the late farmer of Cedar Hill, were in town this week. They were induced to weigh, greatly to their inclinations. Uncle Lyle tipped the beam at 292, and Fatty Jones at 247, which beats the record being kept by your reporter. He thought when Uncle Jack Satham and Uncle Sugar Hill

From the Swainsboro, Ga., Pine Forest.

Dr. Sample is the only doctor we know of, old or young, that practices medicine on horseback and carries his medicines in the old-fashioned saddlebags. We would suppose Dr. Sample to be 60 years old, or perhaps older, and notwithstanding his age and ability to have almost any kind of comfortable vehicle, he chooses horseback for his mode

of travelling to visit the sick. He is a good physician, and is recognized as such by all that know him.

From the Carrollton, Ga., Free Press.

Tuesday morning two little boys passed our office having in their charge a heavily loaded wagon, drawn by a yoke of oxen. The little boys we judged to be nine and ten years old, respectively. They live in the seventh district, about fifteen miles from Carrollton, and are both well known as veteran teamsters. Their father, Mr. Barr, we presume, was too busy to come to town and sent his children in his stead. They doubtless arrived home in safety, and we mention the incident merely to illustrate the confidence a Carroll farmer has in the intelligence and go-ahead-attiveness of his kids.

This is the season of the out-door girl. She revels in sunbath and grows strong on exercise. Tennis is her devotion, giving her joy and driving her to exertion. She glories in nature, and nature returns the compliment by putting roses in her cheeks and unknown possibilities in her appetite. She suborns fashion to comfort and style to ease, and the result is a purgation of grace and health. It is a good thing for the human race that out-door sport is so popular, for it means solid muscles and sound constitution.

From the Marion, Ga., Recorder.

There is a **WANT** made in our jail-life time, by the way, who is the chief and with steel in his **BITE** and a perfect imitator of a dog. He barks at every one who passes the jail, and reminds us of a little fee dog who is continually barking at some imaginary object. Occasionally he will vary the monotony by imitating two dogs in a fight, and unless a man understands the circumstances, he will be involuntarily attracted towards the noise. To see what dog he comes out best, he will go to the man employ this means to amuse himself, but court convicts next week, and the barking concert will be broken up.

EMMA L. BRAUNSCHEIDT, Ga. Advertiser

Yesterday these were two separate and distinct people—Mark Vorley and Miss Carrie Seftell. But, this evening, by the words of the preacher and the sanction of the law, those two young lives were blended and they became no longer twain, but one flesh. They were married by Rev. McK. F. Monk, at the residence of the bride's mother, on Monk street. Just here we wish to add that this couple turned back the wheels of time and celebrated their nuptials in the same place where, on our previous page, the presence of only few friends, and without the usual bridal tour, considered so important now a days. They married at home, and

the morning Mr. Verdery is at his desk in the cashier's office of the Brunswick and Western railroad, doing his work, and Mrs. V. at home attending to her regular household duties, preparing to make home an Eden for the husband of her choice. We wish them a full life of earth's best pleasures.

**Some Other Man.**

From the Detroit Free Press,

He entered a saloon on Monroe avenue with his hat on his ear and his coat on his arm, and flinging the garment on the table, he shouted:

"He is," replied an individual who was just wiping off his chin.

"And you are the man?"

"I am."

"And you said it?"

"I did."

"And you won't take it back?"

"No, sir."

"Well, let's have some more beer. The boys said you were an old man with one arm, and I didn't propose to take sass from any such person. Drink

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